traps. We thought he was going to have it out with his enemies. He went furiously home, partook feverishly of "boiled cod and lobster and a dipper of steaming tea" and sallied forth, but his only acts, after all, were acts of forgiveness and generosity.

It was Zeke Nelson, and not Jack, who took vengeance on Matt Wheeler, the ringleader of the boycotters. Zeke gave Matt a tremendous beating and hove him into the sea, and it was just then that Jack arrived, his fury spent, and plucked Matt out again. As for the $2,000 that Uncle Sam Simmons had in his stocking, that was the amount of a bet made between Capt. Johnson and a French skipper as to which one would get first to Boston. Uncle Sam was stakeholder—a fine old man. As for the Frenchman, he was not square. He loaded with rocks instead of fish, his purpose being to heave these overboard after he was under way and so run light in the race. The wicked are often punished and their schemes thwarted. There were more rocks than the Frenchman had in his hold. Hardly had the race begun when this crooked man ran on the reef at Flower's Light. He was the first off his ship when Capt. Johnson's people went to the rescue. The American skipper flung him down and stamped on him to express his indignation. As for the stakes in old Uncle Sam's stocking, their salvage was due to Sam Ellison's son Tom, and Capt. Johnson bestowed them upon that strapping and honest youth for a marriage portion. The story really is a record of a long list of generous actions. It is also a chronicle of some very lively sea dangers and disasters. The reader will find it interesting.

To the Klondike With an Avenger.

Mr. Hamlin Garland's story of "The Long Trail" (Harper & Brothers) relates the experiences and adventures of a Minnesota boy who went to the Klondike after gold. Jack Henderson was just the boy for this difficult business. He went by the overland route, from Ashcroft, at the end of the railroad, to Lake Atlin and the gold mine, 1,200 miles away. He went with horses and packs. He crossed the Frazer and the Skeena, mighty difficult streams. There is a map showing the trail, but it is only in the text that the reader will be able to gather an understanding of what Jack really went through. The text tells how Jack started with unworthy partners, one of them a jailbird, who made Jack do all the work. He considered himself fortunate when he was able to make his escape from these and to join his fortunes with those of Mason, a master trailer, and of the Colonel.

The Colonel was a sombre, mysterious man. It was a long time before Jack learned that he was an instrument of vengeance—a remorseless pursuer on the track of two men who had murdered his brother. It was a still longer time before the Colonel overhauled his victims. When he did overtake them, it will be agreeable to the merciful reader to learn, nothing very terrible happened. It is not certain that he ever did catch them both. He caught one of them, a starved and frightened creature, much broken. The Colonel was going to shoot as this victim knelt pleading for his life, but Mason prevented him. Shortly afterward the victim jumped into the river, and it is probable that he went over a fall and was drowned. As for the other fugitive, it is probable that punishment overtook him also. It is darkly so hinted, but the story is considerate in the matter and does not present to us the actual scene.

The Colonel's business completed, his thirst for vengeance slaked in one way or another, Jack and Mason separated from that determined man and went on to the diggings, where they struck pay dirt and made their pile. They brought away heavy bags of gold dust on their shoulders and Jack returned triumphantly, though with becoming modesty, to his home. The story is simply told and will interest young readers, to whom we suppose it to be particularly addressed. They will shudder at the Colonel, but we warn them that they must not think too ill of that avenger. He was not nearly so dreadful as he seemed. We should not think of him as an avenger at all if we did not believe it to be his wish and the wish of the author to have us think of him in that way.

A History of Modern Painting.

To the wide public that is interested in modern pictures the elaborate work in four quarto volumes by Prof. Richard Muther of the University of Breslau, "A History of Modern Painting" (J. M. Dent and Company; E. P. Dutton and Company), in a revised edition that brings it to the end of the nineteenth century, should prove a useful and instructive book. It contains accounts of artists of prominence and of their works, with the judgments passed on them at the present day, and also deals with many names of lesser note. It contains, too, a philosophy of the art of the last century which finds acceptance in many quarters. Each volume is illustrated with a dozen colored and hundreds of half-tone reproductions. As a guide it will be found helpful and as a repository of ready made opinions it will be found convenient and safe for the time being by those who cannot make up their minds for themselves.

The book is the most comprehensive that has appeared on the subject in English and is likely to remain so for a while. It will undoubtedly be quoted as authoritative. It may, therefore, be worth while to call attention to certain defects in it. Some are personal to the author, others are due to the plan of his work. In the first place, Prof. Muther is a German; he gives in consequence a prominence to German painting, which is natural, but is out of proportion to the place it holds in the art of the century. He is a very modern German and feels the need of writing brilliantly; his adjectives read rather quaintly at times in the translation, but the chief harm lies in his trick of dismissing an artist or a painting with an epigrammatic phrase which is often unfair. This may account, too, for the extraordinary importance given to Adolf Menzel as a painter, which is not likely to be accepted outside of Prussia.

Then he is a university professor and depends largely on the literature of the subject. In all contemporary matters the literature is sadly uneven; great things have little written about them and matters of ephemeral interest may evoke a flood of articles. This produces disproportion even in the best done part of Prof. Muther's work, the account of the progress of French painting. Where time allows of some sort of perspective, as in the case of art before 1850, his hold on his subject is notably stronger; with the newer men he has to grope his way. Would he have written of Whistler as he does ten years ago? He ingeniously avoids committing himself in many cases by a rather fanciful division of painting according to the subjects. The treatment of the different nationalities seems dependent on the accessible literature, which may account for the scant measure Italy receives.

The number of pictures is very large. They are fair in quality and might be better. In the colored ones the tints of the originals seem to have been modified for some reason; in some of the half tones the lines of the original seem to have been coarsened. They all, however, suffice to identify the picture. The serious fault with the illustration is in the selection. The pictures apparently have been put in with little reference to the text. For some artists there are a great many pictures, though in some cases the more famous ones are left out; for others, equally distinguished, one or two, and those not characteristic, or none at all. Verbal description of pictures is never satisfactory, and in an art history, where illustration is possible, those on which the author lays emphasis should certainly accompany the text.

An example may be taken from the chapters on draughtsmen and caricaturists, who perhaps hardly belong among the painters. Loyalty to the Hohenzollerns accounts for the superabundance of Adolf Menzel sketches, but Prof. Muther praises Wilhelm Busch very highly and justly and yet offers no specimen of his work. He might have substituted one or two for some of the Richter pictures or those of the illustrators whom he censures properly enough. Of the Englishmen he gives one wretchedly reproduced Cruikshank, two or three by John Leech wholly unlike the work by which he is known and some of the poorest of Du Maurier's drawings. One respectable and typical example of each would have been enough. The section on American art may cause some amusement, but it is perhaps as good as could be expected from a foreigner who has to judge from hearsay.

All the same, Prof. Muther offers here a very complete gallery of nineteenth century art. Some favorites will be missed, others will have to be sought for with a microscope; there is a shade too much German mediocrity, but the body of the painting of a hundred years is here and it will widen the reader's horizon.

A Story of Southern Life.

Based on a slight and hackneyed theme, spun out into a commonplace tale, "The Windfall," by Charles Egbert Craddock (Duffield and Company), is a distinct disappointment to those who have read other and better books by the Southern author. The illicit distillery in the mountains is an overworked machine. The city visitors in their smart attire have figured too often in rural districts to arouse interest. The eternal adjustment of romance by the inheritance of wealth is a worn out device no longer compelling attention. The one element of novelty in the book is a little Coney Island street fair set down in a mountain town where the city maid in her white frock looks on with the country rustics and fancies herself in love with the handsome owner of the show whose mother had been a dancer and whose training had been for the most part that of the prize ring. To provide the handsome showman with a grandfather of parts and an adequate fortune is an easy matter, for it has been done so many times before in books. Meantime the Great Smoky Mountains look on in sublime dignity at the paltry little human tale in which the heroine gives up the man she loves because she thinks he is poor, and the chaperone wrings her hands in despair at her interference when she learns how readily the fashionable world accepts the man because of his wealth and ability to take his place as a leader in its expensive pastimes. Everything is happily arranged at the end and another travesty of democracy is added to the many already doing mischief in "society" and out of it.

Through Labrador.

As a story of outdoor adventure Mr. Dillon Wallace's "The Long Labrador Trail" (The Outing Publishing Company, New York) will be found extremely entertaining. It is a direct and rather ingenuous story of camping out in the wilderness in which the narrator dwells on the incidents of the trip so that the perils of the expedition are somewhat obscured. Those perils were exhibited in a tragic manner in Mr. Wallace's previous expedition, which involved the tragic death of Mr. Hubbard. How probably that might have been averted is shown by last year's experiences. The reader of the later narrative will have an unasy feeling at times that recklessness and lack of forethought might very easily have brought disaster on Mr. Wallace's attempt as well.

He succeeded in making his way from the Grand Lake branch of Hamilton Inlet to Lake Michikamau and the divide. Then he had the luck to strike the George River in time and to reach Ungava Bay in the north just before the winter set in. His reasons for not taking the chance to return home at once do not seem very strong. He came near paying dearly for declining to accept the experience of others. Having once allowed himself to be frozen in, his venturesome voyage by dog sledges from the northern settlements to the Gulf of St. Lawrence seems uncalled for. It was merely a sporting exploit.

That, in fact, seems to be the character of the whole undertaking. The one contribution to knowledge is the discovery of the portage from the Hamilton Inlet waters to those flowing north. No addition is made to what was known about the interior of Labrador, and the wild rush down the George River made necessary by the approach of winter left no time for observation of the adjacent country. With the fur trade posts and the Moravian settlements Mr. Wallace comes to a field that is easily accessible without the risks he took and which have been described often before.

If this story be read, however, merely as an account of venturesome canoeing and of camp life it will be found exciting enough. There are plenty of picturesque incidents in the trip upstream and that downstream, while the experiences in the remote forts and the sledge journeys from one missionary post to the next are related with all the vividness that attaches to recent personal adventure. The maps might easily have been made larger and clearer.

The Massacre of Glencoe With Added Thrills.

Only the intrepid spirit, the engaging audacity of youth could have produced a story like Marjorie Bowen's "Master of Stair." If the work is crude it is also charming in its daring disregard of tradition, its nonchalance in the matter of logic, its indifference in regard to credulity, its prodigality of incident and picturesqueness of situation.

This new variant of the old massacre of Glencoe attempts to prove that there wasn't really a massacre after all—just a pleasant little butchery of one clan by another by order of the King. The villains are thrillingly wicked, the villainesses unscrupulous and daring—just the kind of obvious creatures that a girl of twenty likes to read about, and dares for that very reason to write about. There is the arch traitor, the Master of Stair, with his handsome face, his bad, mad eyes, his compelling charm, his splendid personality. "It seems as if he forever contained a surging, passionate haughtiness." Was there ever anything more delicious than "surging, passionate haughtiness"? It is no wonder that no woman could resist him and that even his own wife was in love with him.

There is a woman too with "a clear, white face, a thin scarlet mouth, eyes as green as those of a wildcat and curls of ruddy gold." A woman with that kind of an equipment is bound to make trouble. She couldn't help it if she tried. This woman didn't try. There was a girl named Delia with a fatal habit of falling in love at sight, who tangled the plot up beautifully. She did it the first time with Ronald Macdonald who didn't appreciate it because he had kissed the woman with the green eyes by force in the rowan bushes and dreamed of doing it again until he died slain by her husband's clan. Delia forgot that episode and lost her heart again to the Master of Stair, who made love to her in Westminster Abbey. Such a charming place, on the

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